

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday Feb. 17, to Saturday Feb. 24. 1705.

To the Gentlemen that Honour this Performance either with their Assistance or Perusal.

Since nor Peru nor Mexico afford,
Or send us the rich Oar, with which they're stor'd;
Amidst the Scarcity of Sterling Coin,
Accept the Sterling Labours of the Nine:
They bear Wit's Impress of instructive Use,
Neither Offensive, Scandalous, or Loose,
Or arrogantly Free, like Foe's Reviews.
You Write what chastest Ears may not offend,
You Read what may the Cares of Life unbend;
Relax the weary'd Mind, and set it free,
To taste the precious Sweets of Liberty:
And may you still the Town with Verse divert,
You still survey and praise the Poet's Art;
While other Weekly Pamphleteers expire,
And wanting Flames, all perish in the Fire.

So many Women Ugly, Fine,
Their In-side foul, their out-side shines;
So many Preachers, few Divines.

So many of Religious Sect,
Who quite do misexpound the Text,
About they know not what perplex.

Many Diseases that do fill ye,
Many Doctors that do Kill ye,
Few Physicians that do Heal ye.

Many Lawyers that undo ye,
But few Friends who will stick to ye,
And other Ills that do pursue ye.

So many Trades-men Lyars,
So many cheated Buyers,
As even Numeration tyres.

So many loose Ones, and High-flying,
Who live, as if there were no Dying,
Heaven and Hell, and all desying.

So many under scanty Fates,
Who yet do live at lofty Rates,
And make shew of great Estates.

And if they will not take Offence,
Many Great Men of little Sense,
Who yet to Politicks make Pretence.

Many meriting lower Fate,
Have Title, Office, and Estate,
Their Betters waiting at their Gate.

The Worthless meet with higher Advances,
As the Wise Bestower fancies,
To the Worthy nothing chances.

The worthy and the worthless Train,
Modest, Silent, nothing gain,
Impudent, Begging, all obtain.

A World wherein is plenteous Store
Of Foppish, Rich, Ingenious Poor
Neglected, forc'd to beg from Door to Door.

A World compos'd, 'tis strange to tell!
Of seeming Paradise, real Hell,
Yet all agree to lov't too well.

Where Pious, Leud, the Fool, the Wise,
The one like to the other dies,
And leaves a World of Vanities.

Proud and Covetous, Beaus and Bullies;
Like one o' your musing Melancholies,
I cry for all their Ills, and laugh at all their Follies.

To the Undertakers of the Diverting Post.
By Mr. Sam. Phillips.

LET D—ks and D—er stupid Legends write,
And with feign'd Nonsense credulous Soes affright:
With specious Lies delude their shallow Sense,
And gull the easie Fools of their hard-gotten Pence.
Your generous Souls such vulgar Arts despise,
Leave them dull Citts and 'Prentice-boys to
please,
While you delight the Noble and the Wise.
Beauty and Wit their conqu'ring Forces join,
To aid and carry on the brave Design;
The Soldier too, Life with Applause does give
To that, which after Death must make him live:
Therefore no more fear the illiterate Town,
Push boldly on, and then the Day's your own:
Back'd with such Succours, fear not to advance!
Your Standard Wit 'gainst native Ignorance;
And shew the World, ————
What daring Souls our little Isle affords,
Dreadful in Arms, and powerful in Words,
Whose Pens are not less fatal than their Swords.

A short View of some of the World's Contents.

A World that's full of Fools and Mad-men,
Of over glad, and over sad-men,
With a few good, but many bad-men.

So many Cheats, and close Disguises,
So many down, for one that rises,
So many Fops, for one that Wise is.

When Dryden late, with Cares and Age distressed,
Retir'd to join the Number of the Blest,
The Muses Sons, with throbbing Hearts despair'd,
Once more to see the Nation's Loss repair'd:
But Phœbus melting to behold our Grief,
Thy Soul inspir'd, to give the Land Relief.

Hail, happy Isle! what more exalted State?
What nobler Fame canst thou require of Fate?
Thy Warrior in immortal Lawrel shines,
The Poet sparkles in immortal Lines:
Such Lines! that Tallard now forgets his Wrong,
And smiles in Bonds to hear the charming Song.

Proceed, Harmonious Addison, proceed,
Nor longer let the World thy Talents need.
Our Warlike William's injur'd Ghost commands
Thy Muse once more to Traverse foreign Lands.
Tis she must make the Shannon, and the Boyne,
Triumphant as the Danube, and the Rhine;
And gain would Mons and Bonn, and stout Namure,
Their Sciges from thy deathless Pen procure,
Illust'rous Eugene's Deeds aloud demand
Immortal Fame, from thy Immortal Hand:
Luzzarra's Day in drowsie Prose remains,
And Villeroy forgets Cremona's Chains.
Let Tasks, like these, thy vacant Hours possess,
And future Ages shall thy Labours Bless.

To Mr. D. F. on his Ingenious Libel Entitled the Double Welcome.

AS Quacks for Pence, and Praises from the Mob,
Their Legs and Arms, with seeming Pleasure Stab;
So now, (and yet I own thy Wit) D. F---,
Such a ridiculous Animal art thou.
Else why so fond, like Bessus in the Play,
To study thy own Kicking ev'ry Day?
But since nor Fine, nor Pillory, no Jail,
To mend thy frantick Raving, can prevail;
Henceforth fresh Straw, a dark ned Room, and Chain,
Course Fare, and flogging Whips, shall mend thy Brain.

To an Old Woman whom he lov'd.

I.
Gran-dame, thou'rt Old, and yet I love thee,
Say how hast thou bewitch'd my Heart,
That from my Breast I can't remove thee,
Which Feeters with Love's rustiest Dart,

II.
Time, which thy Face with Furrows plow'd,
Does fruitful Crops of Lovers bring;
Thy Sun's more radiant in a Cloud,
Thy Autumn lovelier than thy Spring.

III.
Your Charms begin our Hearts to seize,
When other Beauties are forgotten,
And you, like Medlars, now most please,
When most corrupt and rotten.

IV.
Him, who Rome's antique Grandeur sees,
Which in Majestick Ruines lies,
No more our modern Pomp can please,
He fixes here his wond'ring Eyes.

LONDON, Printed by H. Meere, at the Black-Fryar in Black-Fryars: And Sold by
B. Bragg, at the Blue Ball in Avemary-Lane. 1705.

In whom Deformity has Graces,
Whom wrinkled Ugliness adorns.
The East Sol's dawning Glories did adore,
A setting Sun was ne're admir'd before.

The Explanation of the three last Riddles
in Number 17.

The first Riddle.

THAT Day is bright, and sweet as Honey,
That brings a shining Sum of Money;
But woe that black, that dismal Day,
When Credit calls, and Coin's away!
The Courtier Vows to give to Morrow,
The hungry Cully's constant Sorrow!
To Morrow fails th' expected Bliss,
For dead Mens Shoes we vainly wish:
To Morrow then be scorn'd and damn'd,
That Princes hath so often sham'd:
Anacreon wish'd the present Hour,
And built on nought beyond his Power.

The second Riddle.

THE Ladies who delight in Play,
Are ever cheerful, brisk, and gay,
When Pam, the Knave's their happy Lot,
Then Diamonds are quite forgot:
From Hearts, their Dear, their blissful Choice,
That guileful Knave obtains their Voice.

The third Riddle.

WHEN twisted Gut with Wind is prest,
What Doctor gives the Sick Man Rest,
Like Passage at the hindmost Door,
The Mirth of Rich, and Ease of Poor?
The cringing Fidler's jarring String,
But frets the Gut, this Health doth bring:
And yet -----
Like Mincor's Flash, away it flies,
The Minute that 'tis Born, it dies;
No nine Days Wonder, but a Blast,
That boasts its Life, when Life is past.

Alexis Riddles now will raise
Strephon but slender Crop of Praise:
This Swain, too weak to break the hard ned Earth,
Borrows his artful Plough, and shows the happy Birth.
Alexis then the happy Birth shall cheer,
His fertile Muse produc'd the rip'ned Year.

Advertisement.

. Books upon Divine Subjects sold by H. Playford, at his Shop in the Temple Exchange, Fleet-street, viz. The excellent Tragedy of King Saul, writ by a Person of Quality; price 1 s. 6 d. Miscellanea Sacra, collected by N. Tate, Esq; price 2 s. bound. Harmonia Sacra, being a Collection of Divine Hymns and Anthems, set to Musick by the famous Mr. H. Purcell, &c. A Prospect of Death by the late Lord Roscommon; price 6 d. The Divine Companion, being a Collection of short Hymns and Anthems, set to Musick by the best Modern Masters.